



## *The BRIDE's BURIAL.*

Come mourn, come mourn with me  
Ye loyal lovers all,  
Lament my loss in weeds of woe,  
whom griping grief doth thrall.  
Like to the dropping vine,  
cut by the gardener's knife,  
Even so my heart is slain,  
doth bleed for my sweet wife.  
By death that grievously ghost,  
my turtle dove is slain,  
And I am left! unhappy man,  
to spend my days in vain.  
Her beauty late so bright,  
like roses in their prime,  
Is wasted like the mountain snow,  
by force of the sunshine.  
Her fair red colour'd lips  
now pale, and wan her eyes,  
That shone like any chrystal star,  
alas! this light it dies.  
Her pretty little hands,  
her fingers long and small,  
In colour like the earthly clay,  
yea cold and stiff withal.  
When as the morn grey  
her golden gate had spread,  
And as the glistering sun arose,  
forth from fair Titan's bed,  
Then did my love awake,  
most like a lily flower,  
And as the earthly queen of heaven,  
so shone she in her bower.  
Arrayed was she then,  
like Flora in her pride,  
And fair as are Diana's nymphs,  
so look'd my lovely bride.  
And as fair Helen's face,  
gave Grecian dames the lurch,  
So did my dear excel in sight,  
all virgins in the church.  
When we had knit the knot,  
of body wedlock band,  
Like alabaster join'd to jet,  
so stood we hand in hand.  
Then to a chilling cold  
did seize on every part,  
And griping grief like pains of death,  
seiz'd on my true love's heart.  
Down in a swoon she fell,  
as cold as any stone,  
Like Venus picture lacking grief,  
so was my love brought home.  
At length a rose of red  
spread through her lovely face,  
As Phœbus' beams with wat'ry clouds  
had covered for a space,  
Then with a grievous groan,  
and voice most hoarse and dry,  
Farewel, quoth she, my loving friends,  
for this day I must die.  
The messenger of God,  
with golden trump I see,  
With many holy angels more,  
doth send and call for me,  
Instead of music sweet,  
go toll the passing bell,  
And with these flowers strow my grave,  
that in my chamber smell.  
Strip off my bride's array,  
my shoes from off my feet,  
And gentle mother be not coy  
to bring my winding sheet.  
My wedding dinner drest,  
bestow upon the poor,  
And to the hungry, needy, maim'd,  
which do cry at the door.  
Instead of virgins young,  
my bride bed for to see,  
Go cause some curious carpenter,  
to make a chest for me.  
My bride laces and silks,  
to give to matrons meet,  
May fitly serve when I am dead,  
to tie both hands and feet.  
And thou my lover true,  
my husband and my friend,  
Let me intreat you here to stay,  
until my life doth end.  
Now leave to talk of love,  
and humbly on your knee,  
Direct your prayer unto God,  
but mourn no more for me.  
In love as we have liv'd,  
in love let us depart,  
And I in token of true love,  
do kiss thee with my heart.  
O staunch thy bootless tears,  
thy weeping is in vain,  
I am not lost, for we in heaven,  
shall meet once again.  
With that she turn'd her dead,  
as one dispos'd to sleep,  
And like a lamb departed life,  
while friends full sore did weep.  
Her true love seeing this,  
did fetch a grievous groan,  
And tho' his heart was burst in two,  
and thus he made his moan:  
O dismal heavy day,  
a day of grief and care,  
That has bereft the sun so high,  
whose beams refresh the air.  
Now woe unto the world,  
and all that therein dwell,  
O that I were in heaven with her,  
for here I live in thrall.  
And now this lover lives,  
a discontented life,  
Whose bride was brought unto the grave  
a maiden and a wife,  
A garland fresh and fair,  
of lillies there was made,  
In sign of her virginity,  
and on her coffin laid.  
Six Maidens all in white,  
did bear her to the ground.  
The bells did ring in solemn sort,  
and made a doleful sound.  
In earth they laid her then,  
for hungry worms a prey,  
So shall the fairest face alive,  
at length be brought to clay.